ENTER THE VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD

PSYCHO

T.M.

75¢ 47789 NO. 17 MARCH 1974

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

...ENTER HERE...
THE DEATH PIT
BLOW YOUR MIND WITH
DEATH ROK
...COME ENTER... ENTER THE PIT OF MUSIC MADNESS... WHERE UNDERGROUND ROCK AND HARD ROCK ARE UNHEARD OF... WHERE THE LYRICS BELONG TO ANOTHER TIME SOMETIME TOMORROW... IN A TIME THAT IS DEAD...
...FOR THOSE WHO PLAY THE SAD SONGS OF PROPHECY THEREIN KNOW THERE IS NO TOMORROW... THEY SAW IT WHEN THEY DIED IN WAYS TOO BRUTAL TO BE ANYTHING BUT SUICIDE... THEY TRIPPED... AND FELL ... AND ONLY WHEN DEAD DID THEY REALIZE THEY HAD NO TOMORROW...
...TOO LATE FOR THEM... THO NOT FOR US... THIS THEY KNOW... AND THAT'S WHY IN A LITTLE BASEMENT PIT IN THE VILLAGE IN NEW YORK THEY SING THE SONGS OF NO-MORROW...
...TRIPPIN' OUT IN A TOMB... ...AIN'T TRIPPIN' OUT IN YOUR HEAD HONEY... ... IT'S TRIPPIN' OUT ON YOUR MOTHER'S WOMB... ...IT AIN'T FUNNY... ...NO, IT AIN'T FUNNY HONEY...
...YEW WAS BORN TO THINK AN' TO FEEL... ... WHY Y'ALL WANNA LOSE THAT WHAT'S REAL...
...THAT'S OUR TALE... THAT'S OUR WAIL! LIVE AND TAKE DEEP BREATHS 'STEAD OF DYIN'--HORRIBLE HEAD-DEATHS...

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

NUMBER 17 MARCH 1974

COVER ARTIST: FABA

CONTRIBUTORS: BORRELL CARDONA COLLADO DE LA ROSA DOMINGO EMILIO ED FEDORY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL JANE LYNCH MARO NAVA EDGAR ALLAN POE RICARDO VILLAMONTE

...in this issue...

THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT

MONSTER, MONSTER, HEED DEATH'S CALL

THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD

THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT

THIS IS YOUR LIFE, SAM HAMMER; THIS IS YOUR DEATH!

PREVIEW CONTEST ON PAGE 11

VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD

THE LUNATIC CLASS OF 64

The BLACK SCULPTURE of the PHARAOHS

SPECIAL SHOWCASE ISSUE

PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

The BLACK SCULPTURE of the PHARAOHS

...THE RICHEST HEIRLOOM IN ALL THE WORLD ...PASSED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION ...I ASSUMED THE THRONE AS A CHILD...IT WAS TAKEN FROM ME...BUT NOW IT'S MINE...I HAVE BECOME STRONG AND POWERFUL!
...20 YEARS I HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT...20 YEARS TO GAIN WHAT IS MERELY MINE TO BEGIN WITH...

...IT SEEMS YOU THINK MORE OF *THAT THING* THAN OF *ME!*
...TRUE...YOU HAD *SOME* VALUE WHEN YOU WERE 22 AND WERE ATTRACTIVE TO ME!
WHY DO YOU *INSULT* ME?
YOU *DESERVE* TO BE INSULTED!
DESERVE IT!! ...*YOU* ARE THE ONE *DECEITFUL* TO OUR MARRIAGE...I *LOVE YOU* EVEN TO THIS MINUTE...WHILE YOUR MIND WANDERS AND DRIFTS TOO EASILY...ON TRIVIALITIES LIKE THAT MISERABLE *SCULPTURE* OF A DAMN BLACK... *CAT...*
...YOU ARE NOT ONLY *INSOLENT* AND *BORING*...YOU ARE ALSO *USELESS*--AND SERVE NO *PURPOSE*...YOU GIVE ME NO PLEASURE...
...AND SO IT SHALL BE REPORTED TO HER SUBJECTS THAT...
NO! NO! AGHHHHH...
...THEIR *QUEEN* IS *DEAD*... SHE STUMBLED AND *FELL* ON A SWORD...

BURY HER... WITH ALL THE HONORS...
I HAVE ALL I NEED... IN MY HANDS...

...GUARDS! GUARDS! THE SCULPTURE IS GONE...
GONE?... WHERE MIGHT IT BE?
...YOU GROVELING IDIOT... IT'S BEEN STOLEN... ALERT MY ENTIRE GUARD...
...OH SIRE... THE TOMB... THE TOMB...
...THE TOMB HAS BEEN VIOLATED... THE QUEEN'S BODY IS GONE!!
SPEAK UP! WHAT IS IT?...
WHAT ABOUT THE TOMB?
...THE SCULPTURE GONE... THE TOMB VIOLATED... MY DEAD WENCH GONE... COULD IT BE?... IS SHE ALIVE?
...IS SHE OUT FOR REVENGE?
RICARDO VILLAMONTE
NEARBY, ANOTHER IS ENGAGED IN VOICED THOUGHT... WHICH WILL EXPLAIN THE CURIOUS QUESTIONS ASKED BY PHARAOH-- HARMHAB II...
...THE PHARAOH WILL NEVER SUSPECT HIS OWN HIGH PRIEST OF STEALING HIS PRECIOUS SCULPTURE...
...NOT WHEN I HAVE STOLEN THE BODY OF THE ENTOMBED QUEEN... MAKING IT LOOK LIKE AN UNHOLY ACT OF VENGEANCE...

HARMHAB WILL SOON COME TO ME... AND SAY... "PRIEST IS SUCH A THING POSSIBLE?"... AND I WILL SAY: "OH, GREAT PHARAOH-- ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE... I THINK YOU HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF YOUR SCULPTURE!"
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
UUGHHHH!

...SIRE...WE ARE **CONFUSED**... FIRST THE **TOMB** IS VIOLATED AND THE **MUMMY VANISHED** ...AND **NOW** IT IS **RETURNED**...
...YES... THAT **IS** STRANGE...LET US LOOK AND SEE...
...TAKE HIS **BODY**... **THROW** IT INTO A **PIT**... THEN CLOSE UP **THIS** PLACE...
THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE SCULPTURE!
NO...THE SCULPTURE IS **GONE!** OBVIOUSLY THE PRIEST WAS INVOLVED IN A PLAN TO **STEAL** THE SCULPTURE AND HIS HENCHMEN **BETRAYED** HIM FOR SOME REASON... THE QUEEN WAS SOME PART OF HIS **PLOT**...PROBABLY WANTED IT TO LOOK LIKE SHE'D COME OUT OF HER TOMB TO STEAL IT... SEAL UP THIS PLACE...
IT'S THE **BODY OF THE HIGH-PRIEST!**
COULD IT BE **HE** WAS INVOLVED IN SOME KIND OF **PLOT?**

...HE WAS BETRAYED AND PAID THE PENALTY... HIS PLOT FAILED BUT THE SCULPTURE IS SOMEWHERE... HIS HENCHMEN, WHOEVER THEY ARE, HAVE IT...
YES, SIRE...
FIND THEM !!!
...IF YOU HAVE TO SEARCH THE WHOLE EARTH!... IF YOU HAVE TO KILL TEN KINGS AND MURDER A THOUSAND ARMIES... IF YOU HAVE TO TAKE 20 MORE YEARS OF YOUR LIVES TO GET THAT SCULPTURE BACK TO ME...
...AND INSIDE THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF THE PYRAMID...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
REST IN PEACE!

HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST

. . . can you fill in the missing VOICE BALLOONS ? The best 5 entries we receive will WIN an advance copy of the next issue . . . get your entry in FAST and you can become a WINNER . . .

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

SKYWALD CONTEST #3 RM 1501
18 EAST 41 ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

THE SLITHER-SLIME PAGES OF HORROR PREVIEWS FOR '74

. . . this is our SPECIAL SHOWCASE ISSUE, where we introduce 2 new artists and a new writer to these (or ANY) pages . . . it's fitting then that our stories this issue are in a slightly light-hearted vein (to substain the high delight of this extra-ordinary experience) . . . you'll also note that ALL the MOOD-TEAM writers are in this showcase issue — AWKWARD AUGUSTINE FUNNELL — Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY — Archaic AL . . . and our brand new gal Jaundiced JANE LYNCH . . . therefore we take pleasure in turning our letters/editorial pages this issue into a PLEASURE-PREVIEW of some of the weird things to come . . . and we DO have a lot of new things on the way, like a NEW MAGAZINE in the SPRING of '74 . . . THE TOMB OF HORROR . . . watch for it! . . .

ARE YOU DEAD YET?

. . . ARE YOU DEAD YET? . . . the lunatics of Bedlam ask in this weird 10 page story that takes off where minute-mysteries fall short! Who did it? Who's killing the inmates of the Asylum right before our eyes? The answer is in the twist conclusion you'll NEVER guess! . . .

"MANY OF HIS PATIENTS MYSTERIOUSLY DIED HOWEVER, AND UPON INVESTIGATION THE POLICE DISCOVERED LOVING MARSHA WAS POISONING THE PATIENTS BECAUSE SECRETLY SHE RESENTED HER HUSBAND FORSAKING A WEALTHY PRACTICE TO HELP THE POOR...
...SHE KILLED THEM?...SHE MUST'VE BEEN A HOMICIDAL MANIAC...
WAS?... NO, MR. EDWARDS...
IS...

THE RATS

...OH GOD THE RATS ARE ALL AROUND ME... MY GOD THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME... THEY'RE AT MY FEET... THEY'RE AT MY FEET NOW... I HAVE NO CHOICE... I HAVE TO STAY HERE OR I'LL DROWN... I HAVE TO FIGHT TO LIVE... I CAN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO DROWN... MY GOD... THE RATS ARE AT MY FEET... THE RATS ARE EATING MY LEGS...

. . . THE RATS is a cover story written to distract you from the day-to-day commonplaceness of our lives — it's a weird tale that takes place in the future, mostly in an elevator, where the hero loses the war he's waging against insanity — Dreadful DELA ROSA is the artist for this strange saga which'll be presented early in the new year . . .

...WHEN WE'VE ALL HAD OUR FUN THE CONTESTANT MUST PAY THE CONSEQUENCES...
...NOW ON OUR SHOW... WE PICK THE CRUMMIEST, MEANEST, SON-OF-A [illegible] WE CAN FIND... AND WHEN WE'VE HAD OUR FUN... WE...

. . . we are proud to be continually introducing new and never-before-published young people to the comics medium in these horror-mood pages . . . writer Jaundiced JANE LYNCH appears for the first time with THE LUNATIC CLASS OF '64 on page 48 . . . artist COLLADO is introduced on page 52 with THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT . . . and on page 14 you'll greet artist CARDONA for the first time with his tale THIS IS YOUR LIFE SAM HAMMER, THIS IS YOUR DEATH . . . this special PSYCHO 17 is the SHOWCASE ISSUE of new talents . . . let us know what you think of Messrs. Cardona and Collado, and Ms. Lynch . . . and depending on YOUR reactions you may be seeing much more of them . . .

. . . imagine, if you will, an entire issue of horror tales all linked together in a macabre way too weird to be believable — you're imagining the upcoming, unbelievable special 7 TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE issue of SCREAM, featuring THE VAMPIRE by Zesar . . . THE CREEP by Duran . . . THE DEAD THINGS by Villamonte . . . THE VULTURE by Collado . . . THE ANCIENT ONE by Rancid Ricardo . . . THE THING IN THE SPACE by Emilio and (as pictured) THE WEREWOLF by Sinister Suso . . . it'll be the strangest issue of the year so await it with baited imagination . . .

THE WEREWOLF

THE BLACK CAT

...WHO HAD SEDUCED ME TO MURDER MY WIFE...AND WHOSE INFORMING VOICE NOW CONSIGNED ME TO THE HANGSMAN, EVEN AS I HAD CONSIGNED POOR PLUTO...DEAR MERCIFUL HEAVEN ...I HAD WALLED THE MONSTER UP WITHIN MY WIFE'S TOMB...

. . . THE BLACK CAT is a delightful little tale of terror about the reincarnation of a black cat (no, his name is not NARD!) into various murdering and devious guises — Entombed EDGAR ALLAN POE is the author of this masterpiece illustrated by RANCID RICARDO VILLAMONTE — about the cat called PLUTO and his revenge upon his master . . .

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

...NOW WAS ACKNOWLEDGED THE PRESENCE OF RED DEATH... HE HAD COME LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT-THE SERVANT OF SATAN... DEATH HIMSELF...TO PUNISH...AND ONE BY ONE DROPPED THE REVELLERS IN THE MIDST OF THEIR REVEL...THEN DARKNESS AND DECAY AND THE RED DEATH HELD ILLIMITABLE DOMINION OVER ALL...
THEY GASPED IN UNUTTERABLE HORROR AT FINDING THE GRAVE-CEREMENTS AND CORPSE-LIKE MASK WHICH THEY HANDLED WITH SO VIOLENT A RUDENESS, UNTENANTED BY ANY TANGIBLE FORM...

. . . THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH is one of our classic POE series, adapted from the short masterpiece of the macabre by artist RICARDO VILLAMONTE! This horror narrative details the ravages of the BLACK PLAGUE, and Poe's noble setting for the story gives it the double impact of being both a horror story and a bitter satire — it's a tremendous and explosive story — one you won't want to miss when it appears SOON in these HORROR-MOOD PAGES . . .

HAPPY NEW YEAR y'all

-ARCHAIC AL-

. . . and the MOOD-TEAM . . .

THIS IS YOUR LIFE, SAM HAMMER; THIS IS YOUR DEATH!

...THIS... IS THE CITY... LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA... I WORK HERE... I'M A COP... THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS TRUE, ONLY MY NAME IS CHANGED FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER... THIS STORY IS ABOUT THE WORST DAY IN MY LIFE...

...MY NAME IS SAM HAMMER, MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY; ON THIS DAY WE MET AT 8:30 A.M. AND HEADED FOR THE OFFICE... ON THE WAY WE SPOTTED A LICENCE THAT HAD AN ***A.P.B.*** ON IT... WE GAVE CHASE...

...WE CAUGHT THE SUSPECT AS HE ATTEMPTED TO FLEE ON FOOT... HE WAS UNCOOPERATIVE...

HOLD IT MISTER! POLICE OFFICERS... YOU'RE *UNDER ARREST*...

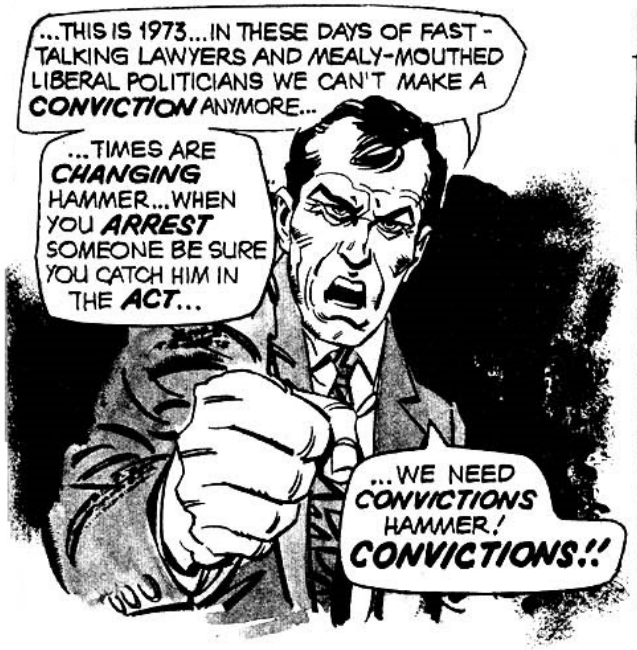
POLICE BRUTALITY! POLICE BRUTALY!!

...WE TOOK HIM TO THE STATION... BOOKED HIM ...MUGGED HIM... HE WAS WANTED ON AN OUT-OF-STATE BURGLARY RAP... HIS LAWYER HAD HIM OUT IN 2 HOURS... SO STARTED MY DAY... A ***LOUSY DAY***... EVEN FOR A ***COP***...

...9:39 A.M.... MY PARTNER AND I LEFT THE STATION TO TAKE OUR POSITIONS IN A STAKE-OUT AT A MASSAGE PARLOR ON VINE AND ETHEL... OUTSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS WE RAN INTO OUR BOSS, CAPTAIN DOOLEY...

HAMMER... YOU AN' SATURDAY HAVE A LOUSY ARREST RECORD!
YES... AN' HE WAS RELEASED! ...THEY'RE ALWAYS BEING RELEASED HAMMER!
... THAT'S NOT TRUE SIR... WHY JUST TODAY WE ARRESTED AN A.P.B. ON OUR WAY TO WORK...

...THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT... WE HADN'T MADE AN ARREST THAT HELD-UP IN MONTHS... WE RESOLVED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...


...THIS IS 1973... IN THESE DAYS OF FAST-TALKING LAWYERS AND MEALY-MOUTHED LIBERAL POLITICIANS WE CAN'T MAKE A CONVICTION ANYMORE...
...TIMES ARE CHANGING HAMMER... WHEN YOU ARREST SOMEONE BE SURE YOU CATCH HIM IN THE ACT...
...WE NEED CONVICTIONS HAMMER! CONVICTIONS!!

...11:24 A.M... WE HEADED OUT INTO THE CITY IN SEARCH OF CRIMINALS...

...LET'S GO PAY A VISIT TO "LITTLE FEO"...
OH YEH! "LITTLE FEO"... UNDERWORLD STOOLIE... MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME INFORMATION ABOUT AN UNDERWORLD OPERATION FROM HIM...
L.A.P.D. POLICE
753-W

...12:10 A.M. WE FOUND "LITTLE FEO" SLEEPING IN AN ALLEY AND QUESTIONED HIM...

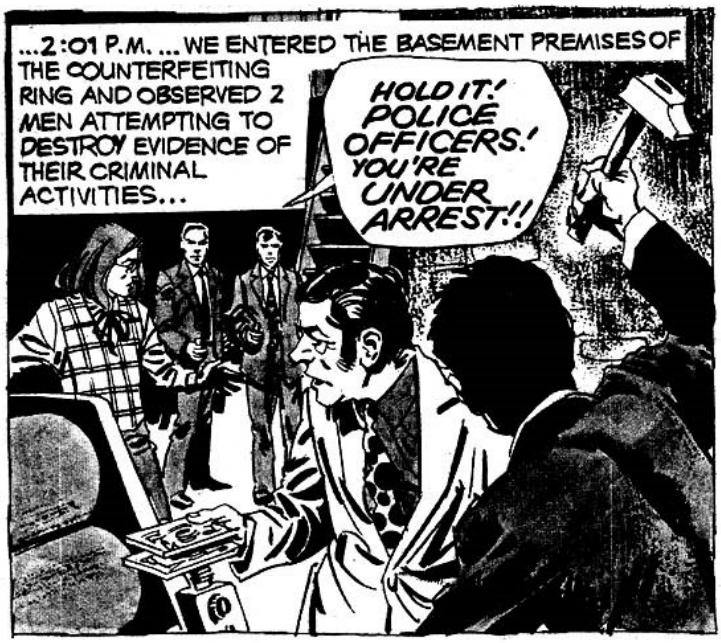
...AS USUAL WE SLIPPED THE STOOLIE A FEW BUCKS... WHAT HE'D TOLD US WAS VALUABLE INFORMATION... IF WE COULD BREAK UP THIS COUNTERFEIT MONEY GANG IN THE ACT WE'D BE ***SURE*** OF A CONVICTION...

...1:59 P.M... WE ENTERED THE CORNER STORE DISGUISED AS HIPPIES...

...BY THE TIME ED RETURNED THE STOOLIE WAS READY TO TALK TO US...

...WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US LITTLE FEO...
...CORNER STORE ON VINE AND WILLARD... ***BASEMENT***... 3 GUYS... MAKIN' PHONY $20 PLATES FOR A RING IN THE EAST...
...CIGARETTE SAM? LITTLE FEO?..

...UNFORTUNATELY OUR COVER WAS BLOWN BY THE 'GUARD' WHO MUST'VE RECOGNIZED US...


...2:01 P.M. ... WE ENTERED THE BASEMENT PREMISES OF THE COUNTERFEITING RING AND OBSERVED 2 MEN ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY EVIDENCE OF THEIR CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES...
HOLD IT! POLICE OFFICERS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!

...THEY WERE HARDENED CRIMINALS AND REFUSED TO SURRENDER THEIR WEAPONS ... A BATTLE ENSUED ...

...AS A POLICE OFFICER I RARELY HAVE TO DRAW MY GUN... BUT ON THIS DAY I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE...
BDAMM BDAMM BDAMM

...UNFORTUNATELY FOR ED, MY PARTNER... THE CRIMINALS THREW HIM INTO ONE OF THEIR MACHINES AND HE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED...
AKKK!

...HE WAS DEAD WHEN THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED AT 3:10 P.M. ... BUT I HAD MADE AN ARREST THAT I KNEW WOULD STICK IN COURT...

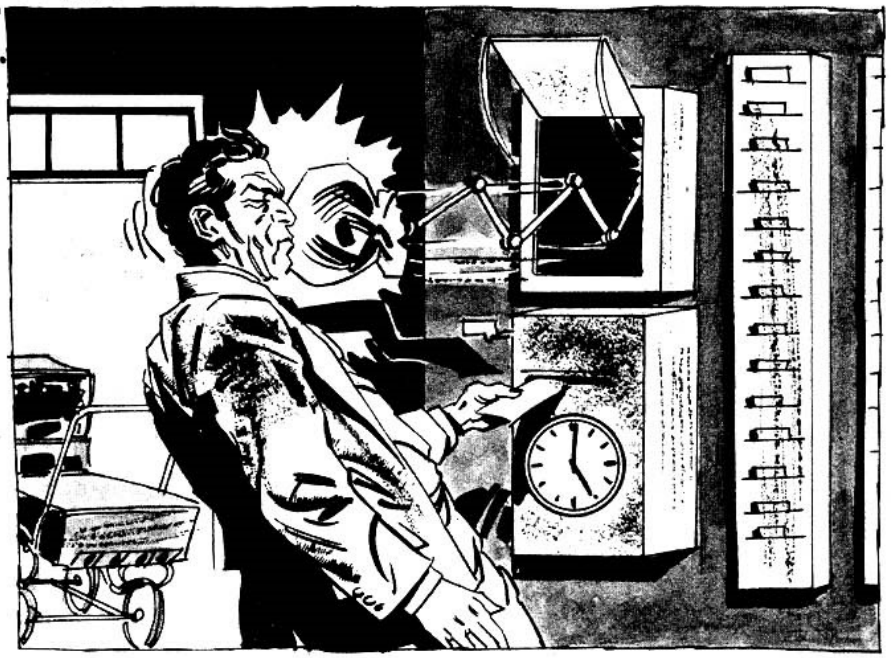
...4:11 P.M.... I WAS FEELING MUCH BETTER NOW THAT I HAD MADE A GOOD ARREST FOR THE DAY, AND BROKE FOR LUNCH... I OPENED ED'S PACKED-LUNCH (HE DIDN'T NEED IT ANYMORE AND I DIDN'T WANT GOOD CORNED BEEF TO GO TO WASTE!!)...THAT'S WHEN 'STRANGE' THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN...

...THE CORNED BEEF SANDWICH WAS *ALIVE!*...

...5:10 P.M... AS I EXITED THE POLICE BUILDING I FELT DIZZY... MY SENSES WERE NUMB FROM HEAD TO TOE AND I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...

...4:28 P.M....IN THE POLICE HEADQUARTER'S *WASHROOM* I FOUND MYSELF WASHING-UP BESIDE A *CORPSE!*...

...5:00 P.M.... AS I PUNCHED THE *TIME-CLOCK*... IT *PUNCHED BACK AT ME!!*...



...WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS *DEAD* AND IN A *FUNERAL PARLOR* LISTENING TO *MY OWN FUNERAL*...

...THIS...IS THE FUNERAL PARLOR... I WORK HERE... I'M A MORTICIAN... WE ARE HERE TO PAY HOMAGE TO SAM HAMMER, A *COP*...
...THE EULOGY I AM ABOUT TO DELIVER IS TRUE...ONLY THE FACTS HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT HIS MEMORY...
HEY... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE... I'M NOT *DEAD!!*

...THIS WAS PHONY... IT **HAD** TO BE... MAYBE I WAS DREAMING... MAYBE THE WHOLE ROTTEN DAY WAS JUST A **DREAM!**... NAW! IT MUST BE SOMETHING **ELSE**... I WAS DEAD... MAYBE I WAS **REALLY DEAD**...

...ASHES TO ASHES...

...DUST TO DUST...

...WE COMMIT THIS COP TO HIS ETERNAL REST...

HEY... AM I **DEAD**? ...AM I REALLY **DEAD**? ...

YUKK! I **MUST** BE **DEAD!**

YOU'RE DEAD!

HHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA NO SAM HAH HAH HAH NO SAM I'M **NOT** DEAD!...

NO SAM HAMMER... YOU'RE **NOT** DEAD... LOOK OVER THERE... ...LOOK INTO THE BABY CARRIAGE.. ...SEE THE HIDDEN **T.V. CAMERA**?

...HUH?...

NO SAM HAMMER... YOU'RE NOT **DEAD** AT **ALL**... YOU'RE VERY MUCH **ALIVE** AND ON **COAST-TO-COAST T.V.**...

...MY LIFE?...

...YOU SEE SAM HAMMER... YOU'VE BEEN OUR FIRST "VICTIM" ON THE **NEW T.V. GAME SHOW**:

THIS IS YOUR LIFE!! THIS IS YOUR DEATH!!

YOU MEAN... YOU MEAN **NOTHING** WAS **REAL**?

NOTHIN' SAM! IT WAS ALL SET-UP AND **EVERYBODY** WAS IN ON THE FUN AND GAMES... EVERYBODY EXCEPT **YOU** THAT IS... ...YOUR **PARTNER ED**, YOUR **BOSS**, **CAPTAIN DOOLEY**... THE **PHONY CRIMINALS** AND... AND **YES** EVEN **"LITTLE FEO"** WAS IN ON IT...

...BUT...BUT WHY DO YOU CALL THE SHOW: 'THIS IS YOUR LIFE... THIS IS YOUR DEATH'...
...JUST A GIMMICK SAM...A GIMMICK...YOU GOTTA HAVE A GIMMICK ON T.V. THESE DAYS...
...YOU SEE...EVERY POSSIBLE KIND OF GAME SHOW HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!...GUESS WHO? GUESS WHAT? GAMES...MARRIAGE SHOWS AND DIVORCE SHOWS ...TELEPHONE SHOWS... PUZZLE SHOWS...
...EVERYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE RIGHT?
...WELL...YES I GUESS SO... EVERYTHING-- RIGHT!!
WRONG!
...NOT EVERYTHING... NOW THIS SHOW IS THE MOST EXCITING SHOW OF ALL... WE PICK A GUY AND LIKE 'THIS IS YOUR LIFE' WE SHOW HIS AVERAGE DAY...THEN LIKE 'CANDID CAMERA' WE HAVE FUN WITH HIM...
...THEN WE GIVE PRIZES TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO PLAY ALONG WITH US... LIKE YOUR PARTNER ED HERE...WE'RE GIVING HIM A CABIN-CRUISER...
...I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A CABIN-CRUISER SAM...
...AND THERE'S ONE MORE THING WE DO... JUST LIKE THE SHOW 'TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES'...
...WHEN WE'VE ALL HAD OUR FUN THE CONTESTANT MUST PAY THE CONSEQUENCES...
...NOW ON OUR SHOW... WE PICK THE CRUMBIEST, MEANEST, SON-OF-A [illegible] WE CAN FIND... AND WHEN WE'VE HAD OUR FUN... WE...
...WE KILL HIM!!
AUKKK!!!
...AT 7:10 P.M... EXECUTION WAS PERFORMED ON SAM HAMMER; IN A MOMENT, THE RESULTS OF THAT EXECUTION...
...THIS IS THE GRAVEYARD... THIS IS MY NEW BEAT, I WORK THE NIGHTSHIFT... DUSK TILL DAWN... THERE'S A LOTTA CREEPS HERE, LIKE WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES AND GHOULS AN' IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP 'EM IN LINE... I WORK HERE... I'M A COP...

...LET'S GO HOME... I JUST WANNA GO TO SLEEP...
AW C'MON SONNY... IT'S ONLY SEVEN O'CLOCK...
... IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING JIMBY... EVERYTHING'S CLOSED IN THIS TINY TOWN EXCEPT THIS DUMP... C'MON ...LET'S GO HOME...
WHO'S THAT COMIN' THERE?
...THEY DON'T HAVE NO NAMES...
WHADDYO MEAN THEY DON'T HAVE NAMES?
...THEY JUST DON'T... THASALL...
WELL LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THEIR NAMES ARE!
WHAT DIFFERENCE IS IT GONNA MAKE... WHO CARES?... NOBODY CARES...
LOOK... LET'S GO HOME... I HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK... I JUST WANT SOME SLEEP...
...NO... YOU GO HOME IF YOU WANT TO... IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT... I WORKED HARD ALL WEEK... I WANT SOME FUN... COUPLA DRINKS AIN'T ENOUGH... I'M GONNA HAVE SOME FUN WITH THOSE FREAKS...
...HERE STARTS THE TALE OF: "THEM"
...CHAPTER ONE...
HEY CREEPS! ...HEY... WHAT'S YER NAMES?
COME ENTER...
THIS IS THE VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD!

WRITTEN BY HARVEY LAZARUS ILLUSTRATED BY MARO NAVA

HEY CREEPS!
...YES?...
HEY... WHAT'S YOUR NAMES? YOU'RE ALWAYS HANGIN' AROUND HERE...
...ALWAYS LATE AT NIGHT...
WE PREFER TO SLEEP DURING THE DAY... AND TO TAKE OUR EXERCISES AT NIGHT...
...EXERCISES ...WHAT'RE THEY TALKING ABOUT?..
...EVERYBODY 'ROUND HEBE, IN THIS TOWN HERE, EVERYBODY THINKS YOU'RE PRETTY WEIRD YOU KNOW...
YES...I'M SORRY WE GIVE THAT IMPRESSION ...WE DON'T MEAN TO BE WEIRD...ALTHOUGH ...ALTHOUGH SOME PEOPLE WOULD SAY WE ARE STRANGE...
...WHY DO YOU SAY THAT? WHY DO YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY SAY YOU'RE WEIRD...
WELL, WE SLEEP DURING THE DAY... NOW THAT'S WEIRD...
HEY... I'M TALKIN' TO YOU...
...WHY DO YOU DURING THE DAY?...
WHY DO YOU SLEEP DURING THE DAY?

LISTEN CREEP...
...I...ASKED ...YOU...A... QUESTION...
PLEASE LEAVE HIM ALONE!
IT REALLY ISN'T YOUR BUSINESS WHY...IT'S OUR BUSINESS ...PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE...
NOW LISTEN HERE...IT AIN'T ONLY US...A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN 'BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU AND HOW STRANGE YOU ARE...
...PLEASE...WE JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE ...WE'LL LEAVE...WE'LL JUST LEAVE NOW AND GO HOME...WE WISH NO TROUBLE...
OH LOOK NOW...I'M SORRY ...LOOK, COME OVER TO THE TABLE THERE WHERE WE WERE SITTIN' AND HAVE A COFFEE WITH US...
...PLEASE... WE'D JUST LIKE TO LEAVE...
...THANK YOU BUT NO...WE JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE...
WHEN I ASK YA TO JOIN US I EXPECT YA TO JOIN US!!
AAAH! MY ARM... YOU'RE BREAKING IT...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM?
...I THINK WE'D BETTER GET SOME ANSWERS FROM THESE CREEPS...THEY LIVE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF US RIGHT HERE IN TOWN...
HOWCUM YOU'RE SO WEIRD HUH?
...YOU SLEEP DURING THE DAY AND ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT...
...I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE...

...HEY... GRAB HER...
HOLD IT!
...NO...
HOLT IT THERE LITTLE LADY... WHUT YOU TRYIN' TO RUN AWAY FROM...GIMME A LITTLE KISS...
LEAVE ME ALONE... LEAVE ME ALONE!
ALRIGHT... THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH... LEAVE HER ALONE...
JEEZ... I THINK THEY REALLY ARE VAMPIRES...
MY GOD IF THEY ARE THEN... THEN WE GOTTA RESPONSABILITY... ...GET OUTSIDE CREEPS...
LOOK... PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE!
YOU DON'T NEED THE KNIFE FOR ANYTHING... PLEASE PUT IT AWAY
...I NEED IT FOR SOMETHIN' ALRIGHT... IT'S DAYLIGHT OUTSIDE...
DAYLIGHT?
...EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS TO VAMPIRES IN DAYLIGHT... NOW... GET OUTSIDE!
AT NO TIME IN THIS STORY HAVE ANY OF THEM IN ANY WAY RESISTED OR FOUGHT THE PUNKS... HOWEVER, THEM HAVE SHOWN ANGER ON THEIR FACES BUT THAT IS ALL THEM DO IN THE MANNER OF 'OPPOSING' THE PUNK'S ACTIONS.

THEY AIN'T FALLIN' APART OR NOTHIN'
WE'LL...LEAVE NOW... YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN...NOW WE'LL LEAVE...
...THAT MEAN THEY AREN'T VAMPIRES?...
...JUST A FREAKY BUNCH OF HIPPIES AREN'T YOU...THAT'S ALL...
...THEY'RE PROBABLY ON DRUGS OR SOMETHIN'...SOMETHIN' ...MAKIN' THEM PARANOID...
WE'RE LEAVING!
OH NO YOU AIN'T!
UGGGH!
SHE'S DEAD...
...YOU WANNA BE UP FOR MURDER ANGELO?WE GOTTA KILL ALL OF 'EM
AAAUUGH!
NO NO!
...HERE BEGINS CHAPTER 2
...TO INCLUDE THEM
THE DAY OF THE DEAD...

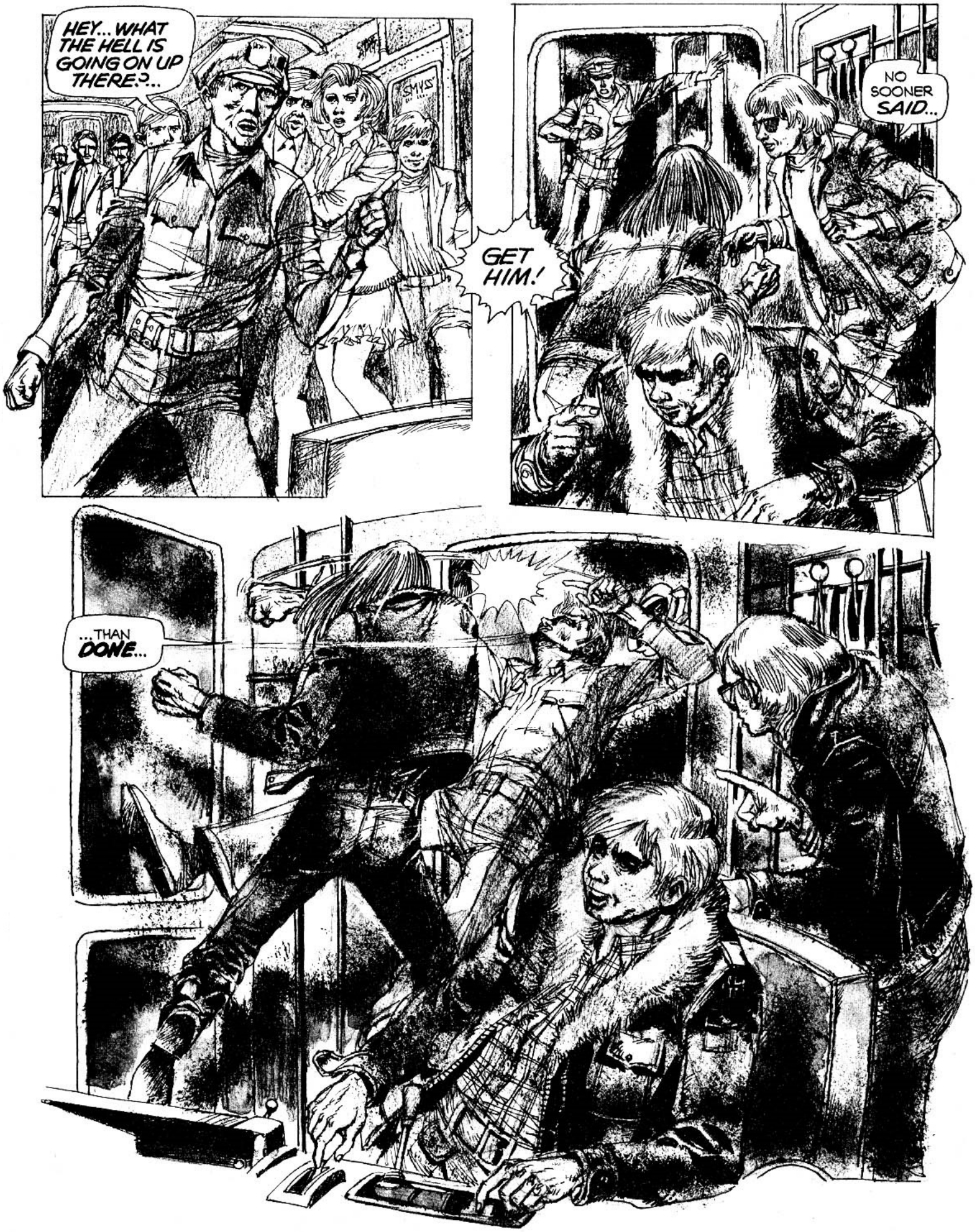
...I HAVE BEEN ASSAULTED...
...I HAVE BEEN HUMILIATED...
...I HAVE...PRETENDED TO BE DEAD...WHEN I WAS 'MURDERED'...
...BECAUSE...IT IS OUR CODE THAT BEFORE WE TAKE PERSONAL ACTION, IN PARTICULAR AGGRESSIVE ACTION OR VIOLENT ACTION, WE DISCUSS IT...WE REACH A CONCLUSION TOGETHER...

...YES...WE ALL FOLLOWED THE SAME COURSE... IT IS OUR TRADITION AND OUR CODE...
NOW WE MUST EVALUATE WHAT HAS HAPPENED... AND DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT...
WELL... WE ACTED TRUE TO OUR BELIEFS ...WE REJECTED VIOLENCE...
...THEY PROVOKED US WITH QUESTIONS WE COULD NOT ANSWER ...WE AVOIDED THEM... TRIED TO LEAVE... IGNORED THEIR INSINUATIONS AN' REJECTED VIOLENT ACTION...
AND WHAT NOW?
WE DON'T HAVE TOO LONG TO MAKE A DECISION... WE MUST GET INDOORS AND AWAY FROM THE SUNLIGHT, BEFORE TOO LONG, BEFORE IT KILLS US...
...I AGREE...
IT IS MY PERSONAL SUGGESTION THAT WE RETALIATE...
...WE MUST...
...THIS IS THEIR CAR... THEY MUST BE INSIDE THE HOUSE...

GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!
...YOU DIDN'T KILL US... YOU COULDN'T KILL US ...UNLESS YOU USED MORE UNORTHODOX METHODS OF MURDER...
OH MY GOD... WE KILLED YOU...
...LIKE A STAKE OR A CROSS...
...THEN... THEN YOU ARE VAMPIRES...
BUT HOW? ...THE SUNLIGHT DIDN'T KILL YOU... AND... AND WHY DIDN'T YOU FIGHT BACK?
...THE STORY OF VAMPIRES DYING WITH EXPOSURE TO SUNLIGHT IS EXAGGERATED...
...IT TAKE MANY HOURS...
...WE DID NOT RETALIATE AT THE TIME BECAUSE WE ARE... IN OUR TERMS, A REFORM SECT... IN YOUR TERMS, AS YOU SAID EARLIER, WE ARE SORT-OF-LIKE HIPPIES...
WE REJECT THE CORRUPT AND EVIL WAY OF OUR FOREFATHERS ...OUR PARENTS ...JUST AS IN YOUR SOCIETY WE TOO HAVE A GENERATION GAP...
...EXCEPT THAT IN OUR CASE IT'S ABOUT 400 YEARS...
...WE REJECT OLD WAYS... REJECT VIOLENCE AND MURDER WHEN NOT NECESSARY... IT IS IMMORAL...
...BUT LIKE OUR FOREFATHERS, EVERY SO OFTEN WE NEED BLOOD TO LIVE...
...DON'T TOUCH ME... GOD DON'T TOUCH ME...
DON'T TOUCH ME...
...AND YOUR ACTIONS HAVE GIVEN US THE EXCUSE WE CRAVED FOR MONTHS!

WHADDYA WANNA DO TONIGHT AL?
I DUNNO...
...I DON'T WANNA DO ANYTHING!
...I JUST WANNA SLEEP...
I LOVE WAR
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY DELA ROSA
...OUR STORY BEGINS IN A TEASING, TAUNTING, WARPED KINDA WAY TO INTRODUCE SOME OF THE WEIRDOS IN MANHATTAN AND TO REVEAL THE INSANE SECRET OF WHAT THEY DO FOR KICKS ON SATURDAY NIGHT WHEN OLD BROADWAY'S NEON MARQUEES FLICKER-ON TO REVEAL THE INSANE NAME:
YOU WANNA WASTE A SATURDAY NIGHT JUST SLEEPING?...
...WHADDA YOU WANNA DO TONIGHT MARCEL?...
...WE COULD GO DOWN TO THE DONUT SHOP AND KILL SOME CREEPS...
...AW... CUT THE HUMOR...
ONE WAY
THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD
...I GOT AN IDEA...
...LET'S STEAL A SUBWAY TRAIN!...
...WHO ARE WE GONNA KILL THIS TIME?...
LOOK OUT CHILD

HEY...
...YOU KICKED THAT OLD MAN IN THE CHEST WITH YOUR BOOT... DID YOU DO THAT ON PURPOSE.?...
...NAW...
...I MEANT TO KICK HIM IN THE FACE...
...SOMETIMES HE CAN BE WEIRD...
WHUPP
...NOW THAT WE GOT IT WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH IT...
...JUST JOY RIDE...
...LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN GET THIS THING TO MOVE...


HEY... WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON UP THERE?...
GET HIM!
NO SOONER SAID...
...THAN DONE...

...WE'VE EMERGED ONTO THE OVERGROUND TRACK...
...WHY HAVEN'T WE HIT ANOTHER TRAIN YET?...
...WE CAN'T HIT ANOTHER TRAIN... THERE ARE TWO TRACKS ...THIS TRAIN IS ON ONE ...THE TRAINS COMING THIS WAY ARE ON THE OTHER...
...I DON'T THINK YOU'RE ENTIRELY CORRECT ABOUT THAT...
...GOD... WE GOTTA GET OUT...

...WE SURE CREATED A RUCKUS DOWN THERE...
...YEH... IT'S TOO BAD REALLY... WE COULDA GONE TO SEE THE BASEBALL GAME IF WE'D THOUGHT OF IT EARLIER...
...YEH... I GUES THEY'LL CANCEL THE GAME NOW...
...LISTEN... SINCE WE STARTED THIS NIGHT OFF LIKE A RE-RUN OF THE FRENCH CONNECTION LET'S FINISH IT RIGHT BY STEALING A CAR...
E 52 51
NE WAY
NO

...YOU REALLY ARE A KILLJOY AREN'T YOU?
WE'RE GOING TOO FAST...
RRRAAAARRRRRAAA
...WE'RE BEING CHASED...
MY GOD WE'RE SURROUNDED BY POLICE CARS!
...WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?...
...WE'RE GONNA HIT THAT PARKED CAR!

...MY GOD... WHAT THE HELL?!
...THE CAR... DIDN'T HAVE ANY DRIVER ... THE FRONT SEAT IS EMPTY...
...TELL ME HOW IT CAN THE EMPTY PETE?... TELL ME HOW IT CAN BE EMPTY?
...NOTHIN' IN PARTICULAR...
WELL, THAT KILLS ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT IN THIS TOWN, AL!...
THIS TOWN IS DEAD... WHADDYA WANNA DO NOW FRED?...
...THAT'S HOW I DIED IN THE FIRST PLACE YOU KNOW...
...YEH?...
...I DIED IN A BANK HEIST...
...LAST YEAR... I STOLE A CAR AND LOST CONTROL OF IT... IT WENT RIGHT INTO THE EAST RIVER AND I DROWNED...
...I DIED WHEN MY HOUSE CAUGHT ON FIRE...
...I WAS SMOKING IN BED!...
...THESE... ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD...
...THESE... ARE THE DEAD THINGS WHO WALK THE BIG CITY STREETS ON A SATURDAY NIGHT... NOW THEY WALK INTO THE BIG CITY SUNSET... THEIR EVENING'S ACTIVITIES ARE MORE-OR-LESS FINISHED... THEY HEAD BACK FOR THEIR CRYPTS SOMEWHERE UNDERNEATH THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS... AND THEIR MINDS DEGENERATE AND COLLAPSE INTO TOTAL OBSCURITY...
...FOR THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD...

CLOAKED AS **SHADOWS**, FIGURES MOVE THROUGH THE CLOSE ALLEYS IN **DARKNESS**! THE RHYTHMIC BEAT OF 4 INCH HEELS SLICES THE STILL AIR, WHILE THE DULLED, PADDED SOUND OF SNEAKERS, THROBS CLOSELY BEHIND!! **ALL**, BUT A **STRANGE PREFACE** TO...

"THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT!!!"

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

CLICK-CLICK CLICK

CLICKETY-CLICK CLICKETY-CLICK

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY ILLUSTRATED BY BORRELL

STICKY BLOOD DRIPS, AND MIXES WITH **GRIME** ON AN OIL-SODDENED STREET. **DEATH!!!** TONGUE-TISSUES DRY WHILE **PARCHMENT**-EYES GLARE AND STALKING FLIES **KISS** CRIMSON-SOILED SILK... **FEW EYES, HAS THE NIGHT!!**

CLICK CLICKETY-CLICK

CLICKETY

FWOOT FWWOOOOT

HHRRRGGGGHHHHH!!!

WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE **MAUSOLEUM**, A "HIT" MAN WATCHES ... HIS **CONTRACT** FULFILLED ...

SOMEONE MUST'A HEARD HER **SCREAMS!**

NO BIG THING!!

GOT MY FOOD STORED HERE, AND I CAN LAY LOW FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS!

WHO'S GONNA LOOK IN A **TOMB!!**

HA HA HA HAAAAA

GO ON, RUN YOU FOOLS!! YOU'LL **NEVER CATCH DRAKE!!**

DRAKE'S TOO SMART... ALWAYS THINKS AHEAD!!

ALWAYS COMPLETES HIS JOB... NEVER A HITCH!!...

GET'S HIS MAN, EVERY TIME...

... OR WOMAN!!!

'SHOULD TAKE ABOUT TWO DAYS FOR THINGS TO COOL, THEN BACK TO L.A. FOR ANOTHER HIT!!
HUUUNNNNHHHHHH??!!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON??!
MUSIC??! HERE??
IN A... CRYPT??!
AS THE STRANGE, DRIFTING CHORDS SOAK THE DANK AIR..
IT'S SOME SORTA ENTRANCE!!
THE ONCE DANK AIR, NOW LIES PERMEATED WITH THE FRAGILE WISPS OF MUSK THAT DRIFT FROM THE GRANITE BOWELS...
EMPTY!!
BUT, WHERE'S THE MUSIC COMIN' FROM??
THAT'S ALL I NEED...
...COMPANY!!
THAT URN!!
IT-IT LOOKS LIKE...
MUST BE SOME HIPPIE HIDE-OUT!
THEM WOW-BIRDS PROB'LY MEET DOWN THERE 'N' SMOKE UPA STORM!
YEAH, I BETCHA THEY GOT SOME OF THEM HIPPIE CHICKS...
WAIT A SEC!!!
...GOLD!!!

GOLD!! SOLID GOLD!!
IT'LL BRING A FORTUNE!!
WHAT LUCK!! COME INTA TOWN T'DO A JOB... ...AND I WIND UPA MILLIONAIRE!!!
HA HA HA HAAAAA!!!
AS THE HAUNTING LIGHT OF THE BEESWAX CANDLES CAST GROTESQUE SHADOWS TO THE STONE WALLS, SO DOES IT CREATE A STRANGE REFLECTION IN THE POLISHED GOLD...
A CASKET!! STRANGE, I DIDN'T SEE IT B'FORE!!
THE GUY'S EYES ARE OPEN... ...BETTER CHECK 'IM OUT... MAKE SURE HE'S STIFF!!
THOSE WHO PINE-CLAD DWELL, WITHIN THE EMBRACE OF TUFTED SILK, STIR NOT...
DEAD!! HIS SKIN FEELS LIKE WOOD!!
FUNNY, HE DOESN'T LOOK DEAD... ...NOT ROTTING, OR NOTHING!!
THOSE EYES!! THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE DEATH...
...THEY'RE STILL MOIST... ...ALIVE!!!
SUDDENLY, THE ONCE DISTANT MUSIC IS CLOSER, AND RACES TO A FEVER PITCH!! BETWEEN THE LULLS OF CHANTING, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD...
'BETTER SPLIT!!...
... SOMEONE'S COMIN'!!!

A TRAIN OF SHADOWS PLAY UPON THE IGNEOUS WALLS... THE SOUND OF TAMBOURINES OF STRETCHED HUMAN SKIN, CHARM THE AIR... THE SCENT OF HUMAN FAT CANDLES SOLEMNLY LACES THE MUSIC!!!
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TINGLE RINGLE TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP
TAMP TINGLE
RINGLE RINGLE
TAMP
TAMP
TINGLE RINGLE
TINGLE
RINGLE
EKO, EKO, AZARAK, EKO, EKO,
ZAMELAK, EKO, EKO, EKO, EKO!!!
SLOWLY... MORE AKIN TO THE REALM OF SHADOWS THAN TO THAT OF THE LIVING, THE COVEN CIRCLES THE SILVER-HANDLED CASKET...
HAIL ASMODEUS...
HAIL ASTAROTH...
HAIL ZABULON...
HEAR US!! HEAR US!! POSSESS US!!
GUIDE US!! AID US TO DELIVER SATAN WITHIN OUR UNHOLY REALM!!!
WHAT A BUNCHA FREAKS!!
'BETTER STAY HIDDEN, 'N' WAIT THEM OUT...
...CAUSE I AIN'T LEAVIN' WITHOUT THAT URN!!!
SOON, THE ANCIENT RITUAL BEGINS...
I SUMMON AND CALL YOU, MIGHTY ONES OF THE NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST, TO WITNESS OUR RITES AND GUARD OUR PEOPLE
I COMMAND YOU, LOTHODEUS, PRIMEMOVER OF SIN AND DECAY-TO RISE!!
RISE LOTHODEUS!!!
GUIDE YOUR PEOPLE, AND PREPARE US FOR THE COMING OF THE MASTER...
...SATAN!!!
RISE!!
RISE!!
RISE!!
RISE!!
RISE!!
RISE!!!!
RISE LOTHODEUS!!!!

COME, LOTHODEUS! THE NIGHT GROWS LATE, AND THE APPOINTED HOUR DRAWS NEAR!!
SOON THE MASTER WILL JOIN US!
HE NEEDS YOU, AS HIS GUIDE... AND, OUR COLLECTIVE WILLS TO ENTER THE REALM OF MEN!!
COME, LOTHODEUS!! IT IS TIME FOR THE WORLD TO FEEL THE STINGS OF... ... EVIL!!!
AGAIN WE ARE GATHERED TO BRING THE MASTER INTO OUR MIDST...
...HIS PASSAGE HAS NEVER BEEN A TASK FOR SLIGHT MINDS...
...ONCE WE HAVE COMMITTED OUR THOUGHTS TO HIS COMING, LET NOTHING ALLOW US TO DRIFT FROM THAT BURDEN!!
IF WE FAIL... IF OUR THOUGHTS ARE DISTRACTED ...IF HE DOES NOT OBTAIN PASSAGE...
...WE SHALL TASTE THE WRATH OF SATAN THIS NIGHT!!! TAKE HEART, LEST WE FORGET!!!
THE TRANCE BEGINS! GUIDED BY LOTHODEUS, THE COVEN'S COLLECTIVE WILL BECKONS THE MASTER TO THEIR PRESENCE...
YES! YES!!
I CAN FEEL HIM...
...HE IS BREAKING THROUGH!!!
NOW'S MY CHANCE... ...WHILE ALL THESE FREAKS HAVE THEIR EYES CLOSED!!
THE SILENCE OF MEDITATION IS BROKEN, AS THE ALABASTER PEDESTAL CRASHES TO THE STONE FLOOR....
THE URN OF SET!!! HE IS STEALING IT!!!
KILL THE INTRUDER...
...KILL HIM!!!
RUN, DAMN IT!!! RUNNN!!!
CCCCRRRRRAAAASSSSHHHH
GET HIM!! SLAY HIM!!!
HAVTA GET OUTTA HERE... QUICK!!!
STOP!! STOP, YOU FOOLS!!
YOU HAVE BROKEN THE THOUGHT!!
HURRY... WE MUST UNITE OUR MINDS...
BEFORE-- BEFORE...
FWOOT FWOOT
FWOOT FWOOT
FWOOOOT

THE WRATH OF HELL IS SWIFT AND MERCILESS ... DEATH TO THOSE WHO WOULD DARE TO FAIL!!!
FWOOT
FWOOOT
FWOOT
RRRRrrrrrmmmmbbbbLllll
WWWWrrrraaaammmm
'WHOLE PLACE IS COMIN' APART AT THE SEAMS!!! 'BETTER GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!!!
AAAaaaRRRgggghhhh
YYYYYYaaaaaiiiieeee
aaaaaIIIIIIEEEEEE
WWWWrrrrmmmmmmmm
RRRRrrrrmmmmmmbbbbLLLLL
WWWWrrrrmmmmbbbbLLLLL
GOTTA GET OUTSIDE!! RUN!! RRRRRUUUNNN!!!
WWWWrrrrrrUUUUUUUUUMMMMM
CHINKKKK
CRAAAAKKK
BBBBBrrrrmmmmMMMMMM
BBBBBrrrrrrmmmmmmMMMM
NO!! NNNOOOOOOO!!!
AAAAAAArrrrrhhhhhh

THO' ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR TIMES... AND ALL MEN, THEIR ***DESTINIES... STILL,*** THE ***HAND*** OF ***UNSEEN EVIL*** MOVES THEM AS ***PITIFUL PAWNS!!!***

SAN FRANCISCO AREA RIPPED BY MIDNIGHT EARTHQUAKE!!! NO DEATHS REPORTED!!

POLICE SEARCH FOR WOMAN-KILLER!!

THE LUNATIC CLASS OF 64'

EMILIO BERNADO

WALTER LYMAN'S GOOD *MOOD* IS ONLY MARRED BY THE FACT THAT HIS WIFE CAN'T GO *BACK* WITH HIM -- BACK TO HIS HOME TOWN FOR HIS *HIGH SCHOOL CLASS REUNION*. AND HOW *LUCKY* MRS. LYMAN *IS* TO MISS WHAT *WE* KNOW WILL BE:

... I JUST COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO STAY WITH THE KIDS, WALT.!

I KNOW, HONEY, BUT I WANTED YOU TO MEET THE OLD GANG...

NOW DON'T GO *FOOLING AROUND* WITH YOUR OLD HIGH SCHOOL *GIRLFRIENDS* JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT THERE.!!!

I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY MAKE A NOTE OF IT, HEH-HEH.!

HUM...I DIDN'T *HAVE* ANY HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIENDS.!

WALT, I DUG UP YOUR HIGH SCHOOL *YEARBOOK* THIS MORNING. HOW COME THERE AREN'T ANY *AUTOGRAPHS* IN IT, HONEY?

HUH? HELL, I DON'T REMEMBER. MAYBE I WAS OUT SICK THE DAY WE GOT OUR YEARBOOKS. *C'MON*, I'LL MISS THE DAMNED *TRAIN*.!

YES, THE LYMANS WOULD DO WELL TO GET ONE *LAST LOOK* AT WALTER... TO BLOW HIM ONE *LAST KISS*...

HAVE FUN, WALT.!

BYE-BYE, DADDY.!

...THE *SKYWALD HORROR MOOD* PROUDLY PRESENTS *JAUNDICED JANE LYNCH* FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE IN THE *HORROR COMICS MEDIUM* WITH HER TALE OF WALTER (MITTY) LYMAN AND HIS JOURNEY INTO HIS *WRETCHED PAST*...

WRITTEN BY JANE LYNCH ILLUSTRATED BY EMILIO

...NOW... HE'S ON A TRAIN HEADED FOR YESTERDAY...
I'VE REALLY MADE SOMETHING OF MYSELF THESE PAST TEN YEARS SINCE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION... AND IT WASN'T EASY...
GOD IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS. I WASN'T VERY POPULAR THEN... HOW SOME OF THOSE KIDS PUT ME DOWN!!
YES, THEY HAD TAUNTED HIM. WALTER FLASHES BACK TO A HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE OF HIS YOUTH...
LEOTA, WILL YOU BE MY DATE FOR THE FROM?
ME! YOU WANT ME TO GO TO THE PROM WITH YOU!!!! YOU MUST BE INSANE. DON'T YOU KNOW THE KIDS CALL YOU "PIMPLES LYMAN????"
WELL, WALTER, DO YOU REMEMBER NOW WHY THERE ARE NO AUTOGRAPHS IN YOUR HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK?
HEY, GUYS, LEMME HAVE YOUR JOHN HANCOCKS HERE!!!
...ALRIGHT WALT-- HOW'S ABOUT THIS: ACNE IS RED-- ...BUT WE LIKE YOU A LOT... EVEN THO YOUR FACE IS DEAD AND LOOKS LIKE CRUMBLING ROT!...
GOD, I'D... I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT!!!

NOW... WALTER IS BATHED IN A WRETCHED SWEAT... HIS MIND A FRENZY OF REMEMBERING...
JESUS, GUYS, I'D LIKE TO JOIN YOUR CLUB AFTER SCHOOL!
WE DOUBT THAT YOU'D BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE DUES, PIMPLES, ALTHOUGH YOUR MOTHER COULD GET ANOTHER JOB AS A WAITRESS!
HIS PEERS WERE DEGENERATE... CORRUPT PERVERSIONS OF YOUTH... YET WALTER WANTED TO BELONG, DIDN'T GIVE UP TRYING TO BE LIKED...
I...ER...I...AHH... WOULD YOU LIKE, AHH...
...SPEAK UP, STUPID... WHAT DO YOU WANT?
...I...ER...DO YOU WANT TO COPY MY AHH =CHOKE= MY... MY GEOMETRY NOTES FROM THE DAY YOU WERE ABSENT...?
...KATHY?...
NO! BRAD'S GIVING ME HIS NOTES... AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE... ...BUT THEN... YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FOOTBALL PRACTICE!!
WALTER, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU EVER INVITE YOUR FRIENDS HOME AFTER SCHOOL?
I...I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, MOTHER...
EACH OF THESE MACABRE RECOLLECTIONS FORMS A SPEAR TO PIERCE WALTER'S EBBING STABILITY...
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M A GROWN MAN... SUCCESSFUL... ADMIRED... THE PAST IS BURIED AND GONE... BUT-- BUT--
WELCOME HOME CLASS OF 64
IN THE LOBBY OF THE LITTLE TOWN'S HOTEL, WALTER'S OLD CLASSMATES GREET HIM AND IT'S AS IF HIS UNPOPULARITY HAS BEEN ERASED FROM THEIR MEMORIES BY THE ONSLAUGHT OF TIME...
HEY! WALT! GREAT TO SEE YOU!! LOOK, EVERYONE! WALT'S HERE!!!
WELCOM
WALT! YOU'RE LOOKING JUST MARVELOUS!! ...ARE YOU MARRIED?

AT THE REUNION BANQUET, THE PETTY HATREDS OF ADOLESCENCE HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN, BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR WALTER, WHO HAS PUT BOTH FEET OVER THE AMORPHOUS LINE OF INSANITY!
WELCOME CLASS OF 64
HEY-- IT'S TOO BAD YOUR WIFE COULDN'T MAKE IT... HEY, MAN, LET'S TRY TO GET UP A FOOTBALL GAME TOMORROW MORNING! LIKE THE OLD DAYS! WADDIA SAY, BUDDY?
F-FOOTBALL... I...
... HE'S MAKING FUN OF ME! THEY'RE ALL MAKING FUN OF ME! THEY MUST BE GIVING EACH OTHER SECRET CODES ABOUT ME! BUT I'LL SHOW THEM--
...THE DEGENERATING FIRE SPREADS QUICKLY!
...FOOTBALL PRACTICE...
WHAT KIND OF MACABRE DEATH IS THIS? LIVING DEATH? IS THIS HELL? NO... IT'S A HIGH SCHOOL! THESE CHARRED, BLOODY CORPSES ARE LUNATIC DISTORTIONS OF YOUNG STUDENTS!
SANDY, WOULD YOU BE MY DATE FOR THE PROM?
HA! I'M THE MOST POPULAR GHOUL AT SCHOOL AND YOU'RE JUST A CREEP. I'D RATHER DIE!
WALTER'S WIFE AND CHILDREN ARE WAITING, BUT WALTER HAS GONE BACK TO SCHOOL... FOREVER...TRAPPED IN A GHOULISH NIGHTMARE, IN A DEGENERATE PRISON OF BEING THE MOST UNPOPULAR CORPSE IN THE CLASS!

...CHICAGO... 1926...THIS IS THE ALPHONSO MOB...
WHADDYA THINK BOYS?
LOOKS GOOD ALPHONSO... LOOKS LIKE A REAL GOOD HIDEOUT... BOTH FROM THE LAW AND FROM THE ANGELO GANG...
...I DUNNO... LOOKS KINDA CREEPY BOSS...
... NOBODY ASKED YOU SKUT... YOU AIN'T GOT A MOUTH... YOU'RE ONLY AN ERRAND BOY..
ROOMS TO RENT
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO
...YOU GOT SOME NICE ROOMS FOR RENT HERE LADY?
...YES... NO OTHER BORDERS AT THE MOMENT GENTLEMEN...
... EMPTY HUH! LOOKS LIKE A PERFECT SET-UP EH, HUMP?...
...VIOLIN PLAYING? HARHARHAR... DON'TCHA WORRY ABOUT THAT LADY..
OH YES GENTLEMEN... COME RIGHT IN... ...WE'RE QUITE EMPTY AT THE MINUTE...
J'YEH BOSS!
..EMPTY?
...YOU GENTLEMEN ARE MUSICIANS WITH THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY?... YOUR VIOLIN CASES GIVE YOU AWAY - BUT I MUST WARN YOU -- NO VIOLIN PLAYING IN MY HOUSE!
BOODA BOODA BOOD
BOOD
BOOD BADDA BOOO DO BOODA
...THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT
...THIS... IS THE TALE OF THE LITTLE GUY IN THE BACKGROUND ... THE LITTLE GUY WITHOUT THE GUN... HIS NAME IS SKUT...

...GET HER OUTTA HERE SKUT...
... SURE THING AL - SURE THING...
YEH.!! I THINK THIS PLACE IS GONNA DO US JUST FINE!!
...YEH... YOU CAN GET US SOME FOOD SKUT... WHADDYA WANT BOYS?
...ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT AL?...
... HAM SANDWICH AN' BEER...
...HAMBURGER ANA BEER...
...JUST BEER, SKUT...
...GET ME SOME EGGS... AND BEER...
... AN' LISTEN SKUT... DONT LET ANY OF ANGELO'S GANG SEE YOU... KEEP OUTTA SIGHT...
... SURE THING AL... SURE THING...
... A LOUSY FIVE DOLLAR BILL... AN' HE'S GOT TWO HUNNERD THOUSAND OF 'EM IN HIS VIOLIN CASE... HAMBURGERS AN' EGGS... ... THAT'S ALL I AM... AN ERRAND BOY... JUST AN ERRAND BOY...
...HERE Y'AR SCHNOOK...
SCHNOOCK!!?
...YEH... SCHNOOK! WEASEL!! NOW GET OUTTA HERE YA SLIMY LITTLE CREEP...

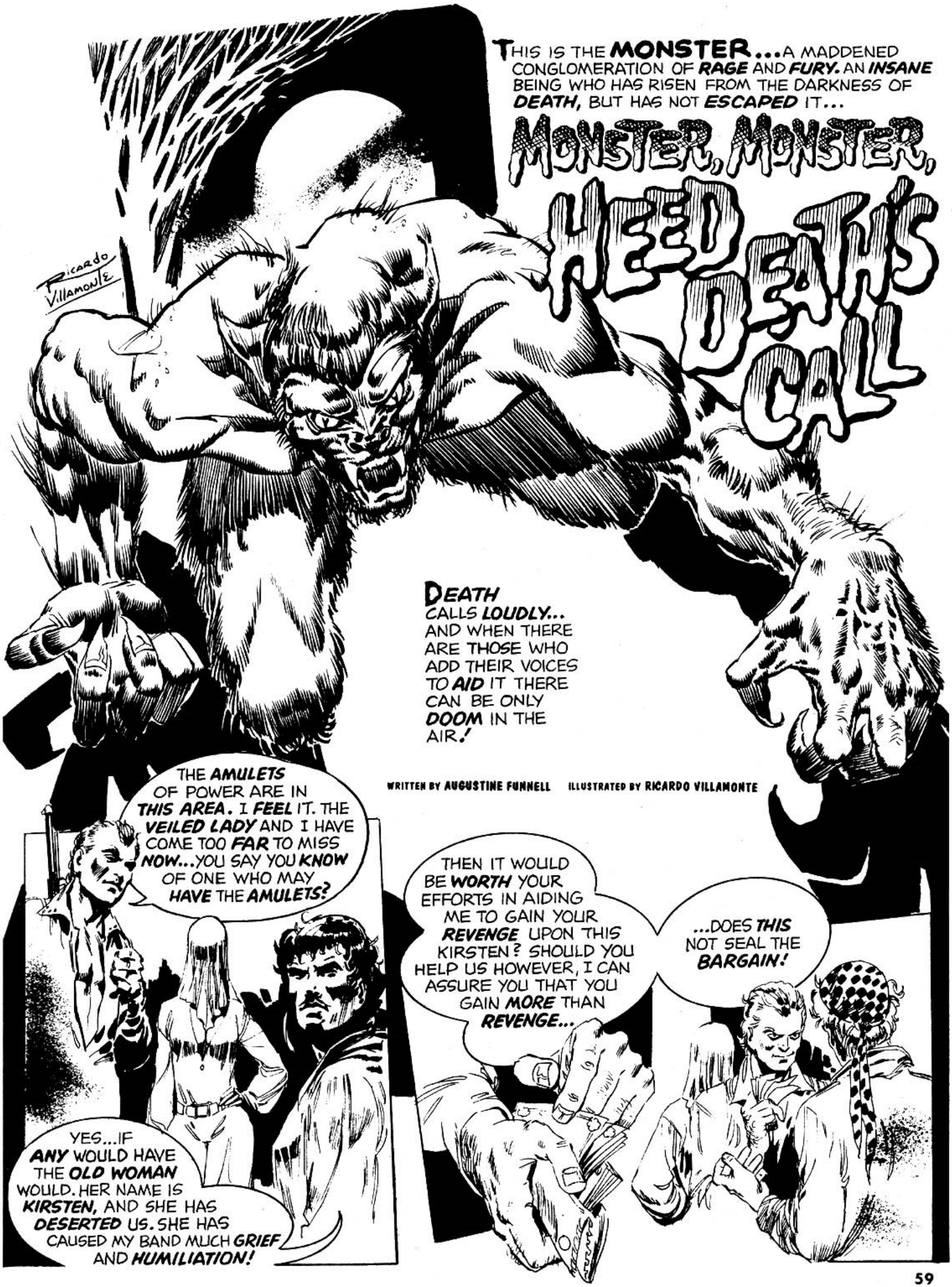
...YEH... IN THE OLD ROOMING HOUSE ON EDSEL STREET...
WHO IS THIS?
...NEVER MIND WHO IT IS... IF YOU WANT THE ALPHONSO GANG YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET 'EM...
...ERRAND BOY... WEASEL, EH?... I'LL GET MY REVENGE...
...THE ANGELO GANG ARE PULLIN' UP NOW... THE FIREWORKS SHOULD START ANY MINUTE...
BLATTARATTA
POOKKA-
CHOOK
BAM.
BDAMMA
BAMM
POOK
ROOMS TO RENT
...I'M TIRED OF BEIN' CALLED WEASEL AN' BEIN' INSULTED AND LOOKED AT LIKE I WAS A PIECE OF DIRT.!
...THE ANGELO GANG HAVE FINISHED...
...BUT THERE'S ONE THING THEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT...
ALPHONSO'S TWO HUNNERD GRAND STUFFED IN 'IS VIOLIN CASE.!!

...TWO HUNDRED GRAND... AN' IT'S ALL MINE... ...TROUBLE IS... IT'S STILL HOT... THE COPS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR IT... AN' IF THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR IT THAT MEANS THEY'RE LOOKIN' FER ME...
...MAYBE THIS OLD PLACE WILL MAKE A GOOD HIDE-OUT AFTER-ALL... WHY NOT?... IT AIN'T TOO BAD...
...I CAN'T LIVE HERE... WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH ALL THESE DEAD BODIES! I DON'T WANNA LIVE WITH A BUNCHA DEAD CORPSES...
...I'LL BURY 'EM...
...IN THE BASEMENT...

... THERE'S SOMETHIN' STRANGE ABOUT THIS OLD HOUSE... I FELT IT FROM THE MINUTE I FIRST WALKED IN... THAT WEIRD OLD WOMAN - SHE WAS STRANGE...
...MY GOD... SHE MUSTA KILLED THEM...
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? MORE DEAD BODIES!! ... BUT WHOSE?...
SAY!! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT OLD WOMAN'S BODY? I DIDN'T FIND IT WHERE I LEFT IT...

...SOMETHIN' AWFUL STRANGE HERE... WHY WERE THERE NO OTHER BORDERS...
...THERE WERE OTHER BORDERS MR. SKUT...
HUH?
...YOU JUST 'MET' THE OTHER BORDERS ...YOU JUST DUG THEM UP OUT OF THEIR GRAVES WHERE I NEATLY AND RESPECTFULLY BURIED THEM...
...BUT...BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD... I...I SAW HUMP KILL YOU...
BDA BDA BDA
...FOOLISH LITTLE MAN...
...DON'T CALL ME THAT!... WHY DON'T YOU DIE.?... YOU SOME KINDA VAMPIRE OR SOMETHIN'...
...VAMPIRE?... DON'T BE FOOLISH LITTLE MAN... I'M JUST AN OLD WOMAN...
...WELL HOW-COME YOU AIN'T DEAD, OLD WOMAN?... YOU GOT ENOUGH LEAD IN YA TO START A GANG WAR!
...BUT I GOT A MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION FER YA BEFORE YOU ANSWER WHAT YEW ARE... ...I WANNA KNOW WHY YOU KILLED ALL YOUR BORDERS...

I DIDN'T KILL THEM... THEY JUST DIED...
...JUST... DIED?.. WHADDYA MEAN?
...JUST DIED FROM OLD AGE... I'VE HAD BORDERS A LONG LONG TIME MR. SKUT...
...HOW LONG?..
... SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS...
... MY GOD... SHE'S A NUT!
...THIS WAS THE FIRST BOARDING HOUSE IN CHICAGO ... BUILT BY MY FATHER IN 1698... I'VE OPERATED IT EVER SINCE... WHEN MY BORDERS DIE... WELL, I WANT THEM TO FEEL AT HOME... SO I JUST BURY THEM HERE...
YE'R NUTS.. YE'R A RAVING MADWOMAN... ...YE'R OUT OF YER HEAD...
...THIS HOUSE AIN'T NEAR THAT OLD... YOU'RE NOT IN YER RIGHT MIND LADY... YOU GOT TWENTY SLUGS IN YA-- YOU SHOULD BE DEAD... NOBODY CAN LIVE THAT LONG... YOU'RE JUST MAD... IF YEW WERE TELLIN' THE TRUTH YOU'D BE DEAD AND IN YER GRAVE...
...IN MY GRAVE?.. I'M NOT... NOT SANE? NOT ALIVE?
...NO... NOT ON ME... WATCH OUT...
...MY GOD!! CAN'T MOVE... CORPSE HAS ME... TRAPPED!
...WELL... IT'S ABOUT TIME WE NAILED THIS OLD DUMP CLOSED..
... IT'S A SHAME... THIS PLACE IS A LANDMARK...
WHADDYA MEAN?
...ARCHITECTURE WAS YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME... THIS IS PROB'LY THE OLDEST BUILDING IN CHICAGO... WHEN THEY TEAR DOWN THIS OLD PLACE TOMORROW THEY TEAR DOWN A LOTTA OLD MEMORIES...
...SO ENDS THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT... IF YOURE WONDERING, SKUT'S STARVED REMAINS WILL BE FOUND ON THE MORROW WHEN THE WRECKING BALL IS DROPPED ON HIM ... AND AS FOR THE OLD WOMAN DYING SUDDENLY LIKE THAT - WELL, YOU'D CRUMBLE TOO IF SOMEBODY TOLD YOU WERE TOO OLD TO EXIST!...


THIS IS THE MONSTER...A MADDENED CONGLOMERATION OF RAGE AND FURY. AN INSANE BEING WHO HAS RISEN FROM THE DARKNESS OF DEATH, BUT HAS NOT ESCAPED IT...
MONSTER, MONSTER,
HEED DEATH'S CALL
RICARDO VILLAMONTE
DEATH CALLS LOUDLY... AND WHEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO ADD THEIR VOICES TO AID IT THERE CAN BE ONLY DOOM IN THE AIR!
WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE
THE AMULETS OF POWER ARE IN THIS AREA. I FEEL IT. THE VEILED LADY AND I HAVE COME TOO FAR TO MISS NOW...YOU SAY YOU KNOW OF ONE WHO MAY HAVE THE AMULETS?
YES...IF ANY WOULD HAVE THE OLD WOMAN WOULD. HER NAME IS KIRSTEN, AND SHE HAS DESERTED US. SHE HAS CAUSED MY BAND MUCH GRIEF AND HUMILIATION!
THEN IT WOULD BE WORTH YOUR EFFORTS IN AIDING ME TO GAIN YOUR REVENGE UPON THIS KIRSTEN? SHOULD YOU HELP US HOWEVER, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT YOU GAIN MORE THAN REVENGE...
...DOES THIS NOT SEAL THE BARGAIN!

BARGAIN: NO WORDS OF REFUSAL COME FROM THE PRINCE OF THE GYPSIES AND A PACT IS MADE...ONE WHICH WILL AFFECT THE LIVES OF THREE PEOPLE WHO ASK FOR NOTHING MORE THAN THE QUIET PEACE OF LIFE. THIS ONE FOR INSTANCE, WHO AT THIS MOMENT STARES INTO A CRIMSON AMULET...
THERE IS EVIL IN THE AIR...THE AMULET SHOWS IT TO ME. ONCE AGAIN WE MUST FLEE...FOR TO LINGER MEANS DEATH!
MOTHER?
HUSH, DAUGHTER. WE MUST NOT REMAIN HERE! DEATH CALLS THROUGH THE AIR THIS NIGHT...WE MUST GO...
WHY CAN'T WE STAY JUST FOR ONE NIGHT?
YOU MUST NOT QUESTION! SHE KNOWS OF SUCH THINGS...
MY DAUGHTER IS RIGHT. DO NOT QUESTION ME! I HAVE THE MEANS TO REVEAL ALL THAT I HAVE SAID TO BE TRUE...HEED MY WORDS, YOUNG FRIEND...
...FOR IT WAS THROUGH MY SOURCES THAT I FIRST LEARNED OF YOU!
THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO BE SAID. THEY MAKE THEIR PREPARATIONS, AND WHILE THE MOON SHINES FULL UPON THEM, THEY LEAVE...

WE CANNOT STAY HERE FOR LONG ...ONE NIGHT ONLY. WE ARE NOT YET SAFE!
HE SEEMS TO HEAR...AND YET SHOWS NO EMOTION. HIS EYES ARE COLD... DISTANT...
COULD...THE MADNESS BE CLUTCHING HIS BRAIN ONCE MORE? NO! HE MUSTN'T BECOME THE MINDLESS CREATURE OF DAYS PAST!
BAH! I COULD TALK TO THEM THE ENTIRE NIGHT AND THEY WOULD NOT HEAR. BAH! THE YOUNG...
YOUR THOUGHTS TRAIL OFF, OLD WOMAN... BUT WHAT IF YOU KNEW THE REASON...THE CAUSE FOR THOSE ABOUT YOU NOT HEARING? WHAT IF YOU KNEW OF THE MADNESS THAT DWELLS WITHIN YOUR OWN CAMP? THE MADNESS THAT IS FAR WORSE THAN THE DEATH THAT STALKS YOU?
IT HAS STRUCK! THE MADNESS OWNS HIM!
WHY STARE, WENCH?! WENCH!!
HAHAHAA HAAHAHA HAA!!
HAHAHAHA HAAHAHAHA
INSANITY! IT CREEPS THROUGH THE NIGHT, ITS FINGERS COVERED WITH THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES! FREEZING ALL RATIONAL THOUGHTS...ALL HOPES FOR SANITY! HE RUNS...LAUGHING...FOR INSANITY IS BLISS...

THE MADNESS IS UPON HIM...
MOTHER...
HUSH, CHILD...
WE MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE. WE ARE NOT SAFE AS I THOUGHT. ONCE MORE DEATH CALLS...
...AND IF WE REMAIN, WE SHALL DIE...
MOTHER... WE CANNOT LEAVE HIM BEHIND! WE HAVE TO FIND HIM! WE...
WE HAVE TO LEAVE! WE HAVE NO CHOICE!
PLEASE UNDERSTAND ME, MY DAUGHTER! IF WE DO NOT LEAVE, WE DIE!
THEN YOU SHALL DIE, OLD WOMAN... FOR YOU ARE GOING NOWHERE!

YOU HAVE POWER, OLD WOMAN... POWER THAT I NEED. ...AND I'LL HAVE IT...
WHERE ARE THE AMULETS OLD WOMAN?
AMULETS? POWER? I AM AFRAID I KNOW NOTHING OF...
I'M AFRAID YOU DO! I WANT THOSE AMULETS... I WANT THEM NOW!
HE IS NOT HERE... THE DAMNED MONSTER IS GONE!
NOTHING!!
PERHAPS YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND ME OLD WOMAN. I WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO OBTAIN THOSE AMULETS...

AAROOM
NO...WAIT...
FEAR: SHIFT FROM ONE FOOT TO ANOTHER. YOU HAVE HEARD THAT INHUMAN WAIL BEFORE HAVEN'T YOU? YOU KNOW FROM THAT HORRIBLE THROAT THAT UNEARTHLY CALL ORIGINATES. BUT SO DO THE TWO WOMEN...
...THE CAUSE IS MADNESS...
OH, MY GOD!!
FLEE, COWARDS...RUN! LEAVE YOUR PRINCE AND HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS... FOR WHAT ARE THEY TO YOU WHEN THE MONSTER COULD RIP YOUR VERY THROATS TO SHREDS? BUT YOU WON'T FLEE, WILL YOU, AMERICAN HERO? NO, YOU'LL STAY AND FACE THIS MONSTER... FOR YOUR RIFLE CAN KILL ANYTHING...
CAN'T IT? TRY AGAIN, AMERICAN HERO...YOU CAN KILL ANYTHING!
NO... MY GOD NO! IT'S DEAD! I SHOT IT!

IT ADVANCES...AND HATE CAN BE SEEN IN THOSE ANIMAL EYES! HATRED FAR WORSE THAN ANY EVER BEFORE IMAGINED BY MERE FRAIL MORTAL MAN.
THIS IS HATE!
DIE, DAMN YOU! DIE!
BUT HATE DOES NOT DIE. IT FESTERS... GROWS... EXPANDS! FOR YOU, AMERICAN HERO, HAVE THREATENED THE LIFE OF SOMEONE WHO MEANS MUCH TO THIS MONSTER... SOMEONE WHO CAN REACH THROUGH THAT CLOUD OF INSANE ANIMALISM...
WATCH IT GET UP...THIS MONSTER ...AND ATTACK YOU AGAIN! YOU CAN'T SHOOT IT... AND YOU CAN'T CLUB IT TO DEATH...
FOR HATE WILL NOT DIE!

NO...IT CAN'T BE... NO... NO!
ARROOWWW
IT TURNS AND SEES THE TWO WOMEN, SEEMINGLY FOR THE FIRST TIME...AND FOR A FULL MINUTE IT STARES AT THEM...IT ALMOST SEEMS AS IF THERE IS LOVE IN THOSE ANIMAL EYES...
YES...ANIMAL LOVE MIGHT BE IMPOSSIBLE... BUT HUMAN HATE ISN'T. DEATH HAS NOT YET LEFT THE AIR THIS NIGHT...
...THE VEILED WOMAN TAKES OFF HER DISGUISE AND...
BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE... ISN'T IT?
THAT DAMNED MONSTER!
IF NOT FOR IT THE AMULETS WOULD BE MINE...BUT NO MATTER...THEY SHALL BE MINE, ANYWAY!
THAT OLD WOMAN SHALL DIE! AND THE MONSTER AS WELL...

NEXT: IN THE "MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA"...

MONSTER, MONSTER, WATCH THEM DIE!

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